

AX TONGUE



John M. Bennett



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JOHN M. BENNETT



LUNA BISONTE PRODS

1986

AX TONGUE by John M. Bennett

This book accompanies AX TONGUE, a cassette tape of readings by John M. Bennett with music created by Byron Smith. Some of the poems have been previously published in numerous magazines and in the following books by John M. Bennett:

TIME RELEASE, Luna Bisonte Prods, 1978.
NIPS POEMS, Luna Bisonte Prods, 1980.
BURNING DOG, Luna Bisonte Prods, 1983.
BLENDER, Ghost Dance Press, 1983.
ANTPATH, Proper Tales Press, 1984.
NO BOY, Laughing Bear Press, 1985.
13 SPITS, Clarel Editions, 1986.

Illustrations and calligraphy by John M. Bennett

ISBN: 0-935350-16-0

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LUNA BISONTE PRODS
137 Leland Ave.
Columbus, Ohio 43214

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INTRODUCTION

By Dr. Al Ackerman

I met John M. Bennett first in the summer of 1927. It was in Benares (or "Hellish Benares," as those of us who were playing the copra-and-white-slave circuit in those happy-go-lucky, far off days still like to refer to it. It's amazing, when I come to think of it, how many of my poet friends I first met in that teeming pest-hole beside the Ganges. It was there, for instance, that I met the poet Gerald Burns, and later I met the mercurial Arturo Rimbaud, and I only just missed meeting the great French academician Paul Valéry, who had died the year before I was born). Bennett I met one steaming afternoon, when even the hot clamorous streets near the railway station seemed thronged. As it happened, I had paused in the shade of a jabbering mahout to shoot the stump (or as they say these days "to pick up and savor a choice butt off the pavement"), and when I heard the din of voices from a nearby courtyard becoming ugly and hysterical, I slid forward to see what was up. An angry mob of (mostly) American tourists was surging to and fro in the courtyard, pressing forward and yelling for blood, and there in the center of the melee stood Bennett, holding a yam and leading a gorilla by a chain. The situation was at once apparent. Bennett, his face very imperfectly stained with creosote and Shinola, had been attempting to work the old yam-and-gorilla trick, the one where you pretend to tease the gorilla by offering it a yam so that once you have the crowd's attention focused on these antics your assistant can slip around and relieve the gawkers' wallets. The scam, in this case, had evidently gone awry, the crowd had become incensed, and the whole thing would have probably cost Bennett his life if it hadn't been that the police arrived on the scene only a few seconds later, and arrested him on the spot. Evidently they had been after him for several weeks, not for the yam-and-gorilla dodge, but rather, as I found out later, for some prior offenses at a downtown restaurant and lounge called Kali-Tagore ("Pig and Whistle"), where he had been putting on some sort of nightly entertainment or display involving pancake batter and a flashlight that I never really did manage to understand, I'm happy to say. So, from the very first, Bennett cut an impressive, sweaty figure, and I made it my business to meet and befriend this man the natives called Squa-Tagore ("Want-a-nice-cookie-little-girl"), although neither of us ever really got to know the other.

Later, of course, I learned that he wrote poetry--but, as the cover photo on the AX TONGUE cassette plainly attests, he has never forgotten or lost touch with the lessons he learned so many years ago in the vast wriggling underbelly of Mother India. And yet I think it safe to say that even as far back as those early days the man and his poetry were of a piece and quite inseparable. This emerged most clearly in his conversational style at that time--as it still does today. Possibly you have heard the old story about the fellow who was one day surprised to learn that he had been speaking prose all his life? In Bennett's case, it is just the opposite, that is, it is difficult to tell whether he is constantly speaking poetry aloud or simply writing the way he talks--transcribing his everyday speech verbatim, so to speak. The effect this can have on people meeting him for the first time is incalculable. Once I had spent the afternoon in a terrace cafe in Rangoon ("Hellish Rangoon") with two American school teachers, trying to interest them in four or five hundred shares of stock I held on a profitable and very attractive tin mine in Hungary. At this point Bennett made an unexpected appearance and began to dominate the conversation in that wonderful way he has. If memory serves, he said exactly what you will hear when you listen to the poem called "The Clock" on side 1 of the AX TONGUE cassette. After he had reached the part that goes "I was shrinking as I forgot the transsexual humiliation-", the two school teachers abruptly got up and left the table. To this day I have never been able to decide whether it was the uncanniness of hearing a man converse non-stop in verse that put the two ladies off, or whether it was the fact that Bennett had forgotten his trousers so that, except for his shoes and socks, his legs were entirely bare. I suspect, though, that it was hearing him talk poetry that did it. At any rate, I know that's why I always got up and left the table in those days. Still do, as far as that goes.

Today, as in the past, it is difficult, as well as impossible, to list Bennett's poetic innovations completely. Like Wallace Stevens before him (and Wallace Beery before him), Bennett in his poetry has counted the exact number of black birds perched on the fence* and, thanks in large measure to his teeming, hyperkinetic vision, has been able to come up with substantially different totals than anybody else. For that matter,

*God knows that I have never understood precisely what Wallace Stevens' black birds have to do with anything, but they always seem to turn up in these poetry introductions, so I figured what the hell and am giving them the obligatory mention.

he has been able to come up with a different total each time he counts, often as many as forty different totals in a single counting session, and this, needless to say, also carries over and holds true for all the other things he sees--the pants swirling around the leg, the chair seat gnashing its springs, the finger impaled on a tooth. With the possible exceptions of Jim Leary and Bob The Human Fly, I don't know of anybody who can see more things happening in a room at one time. I see Bennett now, trying to cross his kitchen floor, taking these funny little steps, shaking his head, sweating and mumbling. He will frequently be swamped before he goes five paces, overwhelmed by all that he perceives to be going on around him, the ceaseless messages and signals that come pouring in at him from every object in the room--"a steak in a sleeper a peeled dog in a wig," "the meat in the oven," "the fat hissing on the redhot walls," "the smell of burnt paper," "the smoking fingers the fork and pan," etc., etc., etc. Sometimes, it takes him two or three hours just to make it to the sink and get a drink of water. Coincidental with this sensory overload and interference comes what more than one observer has remarked on--the shriveled, really alarming appearance of his head and body. This condition of physical diminuendo to the point of prunelike decrepitude can be laid squarely on the fact that the man's struggle to reach the sink keeps him chronically dehydrated; it's as simple as that.

In his phantasmagorical, sensory-ridden existence, however, more than any other thing he is concerned with what for lack of a better term we might call "word-examining." To those who have ever lain in bed in the dark repeating the word "chair" aloud, over and over, until it begins to lose any semblance of ordinary meaning, begins in fact to take on a kind of eerie glow and life of its own, the phenomena of "word-examining" will need no explanation. Any word will do, though naturally Bennett has his favorites. This is a trick of fanatical voluntary derangement, and it is strange and beautiful to behold. It is here, in the middle of repeating some word seven or eight hundred times, that one can begin to grasp the scope of Bennett's achievement. From his boyhood in Oak Park, Michigan, when he first managed successfully to repeat the word "kakk" (his pet name for "chair") over seventeen thousand times in a row without stopping (or being stopped--that's the part that amazes me, where were his parents while this was going on?), he had sensed the potential inherent in this technique for saving big money on drugs and liquor. (After all, who needs to throw away money on drugs and liquor when he can repeat the word "kakk" seventeen thousand times in a row, eh? It

would be like a grizzly bear ordering a muffler and overcoat.) Later, when he extended the scope of his "word-examining" to include multiple words and combinations, "the shirt the sheet" being a good example, (although perhaps "good" is not exactly the right word. Perhaps "unmistakable" would be better), Bennett enlarged his ability to perform the maneuver that he calls "total upper thorax rigidity" and experienced for the first time the certainty that he could hold his spit in his mouth for four days without swallowing it.

That he has been so noticeably successful in doing this probably helps account for the unique quality of his voice as it emerges on the AX TONGUE cassette. This stereo Dolby B cassette provides a stunning showcase for Bennett's talents. Nor can one say enough about Byron Smith's synthesizer music and mixing. It is uncanny how often Smith's music is able to match the mood of Bennett's poems (and vice versa). Notice, if you will, how the two collaborators are able to synchronize their deliveries so that on practically every piece they begin and end at almost exactly the same time. Rumor has it that they achieved this precision by literally yoking their bodies together during the recording sessions, using the special two-man canvas jacket and clothes line developed by Bell Labs early last summer. They also took long walks in the woods together, besides eating lots of kelp and black mollies.* The results, as I say, are not

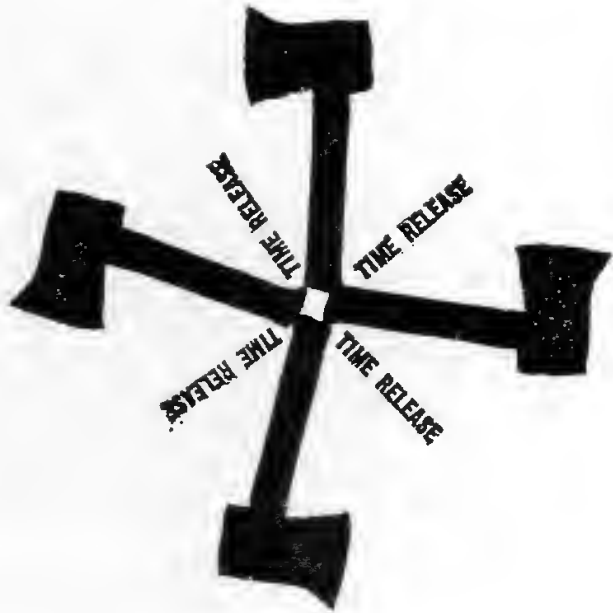
*Bennett tells me that Smith, who is also widely experienced on trumpet, keyboards and seashells, was the one who first came up with the idea of combining the synthesizer music with the readings. At one point during the recording sessions, the city police broke down the door and tried to stop things, having received a tip from the neighbors that something "funny" was going on. In the end, however, no arrests were made and the sessions were allowed to continue, because (as one officer put it) "the scene that met our eyes was so confused and marginal that it was impossible to determine whether it was illegal or merely unhealthy. But both the parties involved (Smith and Bennett) appeared to be consenting, whatever they were doing. That's what got me. Personally, I'd rather face a burglar any day."

to be denied. Not since Jack Pearl and Cliff Hall got together in the early days of radio and performed Love With A Saddle on trombone and pianoforte has there been quite such an unearthly mingling. It definitely transported me, I'll tell you that. I wouldn't be surprised if the team of Bennett and Smith didn't soon become a household word like Ohman and Arden. (All this goes on with William E. Bennett chanting tirelessly in the background, and it seems pretty clear that this talented little lad is going to have quite a career waiting for him someday if he keeps it up.) AX TONGUE lasts 45 minutes, but it is easily one of those listening experiences that must be measured in terms of hours not minutes. Those who have been fortunate enough to catch the entire eight-record set (on Angel) of Edith Sitwell reading SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY, or David Greenberger's seven hour monaural recording (on Folkways) of NORTHERN PAWNEE CORN YELLS, will perhaps have some inkling of what I mean when I say that one must understand the spirit which is at the back of Modern Celtic troglodyte worship in order to fully appreciate the audile impact of AX TONGUE, but only God can make a Squirrel Woman.

Now, several critics writing for Downbeat and Variety have already suggested that the best way to listen to this cassette is with high-powered quadraphonic ear-phones--preferably at 3 a.m., while you're standing at the back of an all-nite supermarket feeling the meat (or what you think is the meat) and holding Wallace Stevens in your mouth. This is called "gerbiling." My own feeling, however, is that, if you really want your listening pleasure enhanced to an unbearable degree, as who nowadays doesn't, it is better to do it in the following way:

First, put the cassette on a large stereo machine and turn it up to top volume. The next step is to sit in a kitchen chair--sprawl there in a reclining yet semi-rigid position, in just your shorts--and, while the tape is blasting, have one of your friends press your head back with a wet green towel that has first been soaked in ammonia and then folded and applied across the bridge of your nose with great force. This ought to not be much trouble, provided you have the kind of friends I have, or none at all. Simultaneously, your feet should be submerged in a bucket of cold saline solution, with wires leading out of the salt water and attached to one of those antique wall-phones, the kind that you have to crank to get going and that can then generate enough voltage to stun all the fish in a medium-size pond. Have a second friend, one of the real restless ones, standing by to crank this like the very devil, sending massive surges of electricity coursing through your body and, in this way, the poetry of John M. Bennett with music by Byron Smith will "give you ecstasy such as you have always known."

At least that's what Bennett kept shouting last night when he was paying me the \$14.75 to say all this.



AX TONGUE

It's not the nail driven into your knee
it's the pants swirling around your leg
it's not the finger impaled on a tooth
it's the sausage crammed down the throat
it's not the tire forced around your arms that
strangles you it's the rain wheeling on the roof
it's not the scorpions erecting their tails in your shoe
it's the laces knotting your fingers in my pockets
it's not your chairseat gnashing its springs that
jolts me awake in the night
it's the pillow spitting pieces of teeth in my ear
it's the eyeglasses on the shelf lighting up like flashlights
and blinding me to my sleep burning me out of my wake
splitting my hair clean down to the jaw
I'm slobbering your words speaking twice in a second
one half of my tongue braying on top of the other

shrinking
shrinking

THE CLOCK

I was shrinking as I fled the launch window
I was shrinking as I slept in the viewing audience
I was shrinking as I groped for the blanket under the laundry
I was shrinking as I forgot the transexual humiliation
I was shrinking as I rolled the rubber band off my leg
I was shrinking as I rubbed the fly
I was shrinking as I dumped the ink on the cornflakes
I was shrinking as I followed the thought into a maze of mud
I was shrinking as I lumped the words in my throat
I was shrinking as I stood on a hill of sand
I was shrinking as I mooned in the kitchen curtains
I was shrinking as I fried a glove and hid cigars in the corners
I was shrinking as I smoked a book in the mirror
I was shrinking as I tried on a sunken shirt
I was shrinking as my arm withered and my eye expanded in space

WIPING THE BLOOD

I was wiping blood off my key on my shirt I was
wiping blood off my plate with my sock I was
wiping blood off my desk with my glasses with my
armpit I was wiping off my fists of blood with my
haircut I was wiping off the steps of blood with my
potato peeler I was wiping out the sink of blood I was
wiping with my innertube the blood off the hood I was
wiping with my fingernails the blood off my face I was
wiping with my pillow the blood off the TV screen I was
wiping blood off my butt with a mop wiping blood off my
tooth with a wrench off my mirror with a lightbulb I was
wiping blood off the wall with a handfull of ants I was
wiping shoes on a chair with a sponge full of blood with a
cup full of blood I was wiping the doorway wiping the
mailbox folding the wadded wiping into my wallet and
wiping the water the watches the waffles the warning

ENCLOSE YOURSELF

Enclose yourself
naked in a styrofoam
room; styro walls,
loose deep styro
packing worms for
floor, styro ceiling,
styro blocks furniture,
styro light fixtures
and shades

GARBAGE AT SEA

Rain ticking on his coat, his
glasses bent, one lens up the other down, he's
in the garage, remembered patting his
wife in the kitchen, "Why who am I?" he
thought, leaning against the door

I stood before a garbage landfill
speckled heaps writhed before the dozers I saw a
path down in, condoms and dollheads
staring up from the packeddown mud

He's sitting on a stack of snowtires,
thunder outside, a metal box
is shaking on the drive, his wife comes in,
cats hanging from her shirt,
"Your blood is loose" he said,
she smiles and flips her butt

I was walking down the path I was
falling off the edge I was
scrambling to a burntout sofa I was
on the ocean, circling in the drift

PANTS

I put my pants on my head my
pants in my mouth I threw my pants on the
burnt chair in the closet I was
stuffing with kleenex my pants escorting my
pants to the bathroom full of ice where I
wrung out the juice and drank of my pants I
dragged my pants in a bag through the
shopping center and banked and shoed with my
pants stuffed the fridge with pants and
pantseed the dolly sprawled on the couch I
squeezed a key between my legs and
stapled to the door my pants Oh pants, I
thought, Your pockets forever a hole, as I
slapped the fly of my pants as I
wiped the window with my pants as I fell in the
dark and ranted and panted on the floor with my pants

MEAT ON THE LEDGE

It's pulsing on the edge of a cliff it's a
roast, bloody and wet, it's a
baby jerking its limbs a
hand is quivering toward it an
eye falls out of the meat and I
tighten my hat I stare at its
lips they splooting they words they
nampkins das hammd ears and
specktales spat over the cliff the
meat is a mocker it's dancing it's a
steak in a sleeper a peeled dog in a wig the
meat on the ledge is pissing me heavy pink splots it's a
glass of blood flashing dawn at my eyes

The meat in the oven the squalling hics swallowed the
fat hissing on the redhot walls the rump on the
ledge is rising, swelling, dripping its gristle
over the empty air as I stood in the kitchen the
smell of burnt paper the fellover chair the
grease on the diaper the
smoking fingers the fork and pan

NO SAX

He was jerking the giblet bag out of the
chicken he was blowing into the
neckhole he was thinking it was a
saxophone, sqwakings blast past flapping shreds of skin;
he's blown himself into an empty space a
cloud of scissors floats around his feet a
sound no sound is hissing through his ears
"It's the note, the note" he says
pulsing his fingers on the glistening back

YELLOW FACE

There was diarrhea in my pocket as I
fondled my keys there was diarrhea on my
finger as I itched my nose there was
diarrhea on my pens diarrhea on the
coffee cups I was speaking diarrhea in the
sticky phone splatting diarrhea on the
cellar steps there was diarrhea on the
mirror flickering diarrhea in the
dictionary soaking Fire Damp I was running from my
diarrhea as I wiped my face slipping in my
diarrhea trying to flow erect I was
eating sponges, drinking ash, lighting
matches in the mist of diarrhea I
remembered hot in the basement
dogs slithering and snarling at the furnace hiss

the shirk
the chump

SHIRKING

I was shirking as I shivered in my spitty shirt
I was shirking as I slid my head under the shattered sink
I was shirking as I smoked on the stairs and
slipped a shiv in my pants I was
shirking as I shuffled the treatise I was
shirking as I shuddered afraid of the shaft I was
shirking as I shackled the wolves as I
shot at a wall as I shopped for sugar and hatchets
I was shirking as I shoveled shouting in my
trunk was shirking as I cheeked the TV and
chamfered the mirrors shirked as I
chugged through my lunch I was chewing my
tongue I was championing a chump I was chafing and
chafed, chacketed and tracked to a table where I'm
slapping a sneeze and shirking a shadow
phthisic under my chair

CUP OF SPIT

I was caressing the cup of spit on the
shelf thinking of lifting it
quaffing its dregs I was carrying the
cup of spit to the fridge, wanting it to
thicken in cold I was sitting in the yard with my
spit on a stump watching leaves clear from a
tree Oh Spit, I yearned, Please Never Dry, and I
walked with my spit to the cleaner I
sipped of my spit as I turned off the
TV as I sat spit in lap and
lathered my belly with the sticky cup lip
Is My Spit Sucking Me, I feared, and
proffered my spit to my wife who jolted her
chair in reverse I dribbled my spit in the
phone heard it clicking and hiss I
raised the goblet to the mirror saw a
hole full of mud where my mouth oughta be a
handfull of worms where my cup used to be

SLOW SPEECH

I was talking slow as I levered my hammer under the pillow
I was talking slow as I slowed my speech to the sticky door
I was talking slow as I fingered my knife in your pocket
I was talking slow as I tongued the smoking radio
I was talking slow as I raised my pants over the stairs
I was talking talking slow as I peered in a cup
I was talking talking slow as I trembled next to a watch
I was talking slow as I jiggled the cages
I was I talking slow as I hung up the phone as I
pored over the sink as I zipped my fly as I drooled in my beard
I was talking slow as I was talking slow to you in a mirror
I was talking slow and talking slow as I caressed the flickering TV
I was talking slow as I coffered at the lightswitch
I was talking slow as I took off your shoe
I I was talking slow with my
fists pressed to the spatter spurting from my
lips the slowing talking pouring from my
mouth, sticking on chairs

CASTLE

She found in the next room a bucket of fish
She found in the next room a cigar in cement
She found in the next room a radio falling from a ladder
She found in the next room a chair heaped with hats
She found in the next room a wind full of corners
She found in the next room a basket of hair
She found in the next room a dog turning around
She found in the next room a shirt harboring hammers
She found in the next room a splintered bed
She found in the next room a burning cinder block
She found in the next room a purse of damp coins

OFF AT VEEDERSBURG

I was strangling thrashing struggling my
shirt slapping the walls outside a
horse upside down next a fence a
truck exhales a pillar of smoke its
tires sunk in fog my socks are
writhing in the corners and I'm swarming
swirling my toothbrush in the glittering
toilet a shadow flickers in the lurch of the
door blurred on my skin a key's bursting my
underwear and I clutch myself in the room
light quivers in long pink lines on the
roof a chair empty in front of each door

HERE

My hand on the table where
my deck should be my
butt on the chair where
my air should be my
head on a hook where
my hat should be my
feet in my socks where
my road should be my
watch on my wrist where
my burning shirt should be

LAST LINE

I was last in line at the potatochip store I was
last in line at the funeral stage I was
last in line under the loading dock I was
last in line at the scissors sharpening I was
last in line to climb the ladder
last in line to piss off the edge I was
last in line to sample the smoke
last in line to dive under the picture window I was
last in line to sleep in a chair
last in line to line my bed with lead and
last in line to be lining these words in a book I was
last in line circling to the head of the line
last in line with a line of forking thought I was
last in line to spurt on a baby and
last in line to be running alone in a line
speeding for a peak, hid in a cloud

PANDERING

I was pounding a porthole aflame in the roof
I was pounding my pen where it bled on my pants
I was pounding the smoke shrouding a seed
I was pounding the plans ash in the freezer
I was pounding my polyp I was pounding my pan
I was pounding through my lip my tooth
I was pounding my pumping pendulum of truth
I was pounding my plaintive pie and pensive pantry
I was pounding my pork proud of its pee
I was pounding my pleading I was pounding my
panther my propositions paling in posterity my
padded and ponderous palpitations I was
pounding, pounding my passive prancing and my
posturing for identical opposite poles

NO BOY

I was thinking of a suitcase smouldering in the
basement I was walking toward the window I
was placing my mouth on the glass I
was seeing a beertruck thudding down the street I
crossed my eyes and saw my eyes
smothered against my face

I walked behind the empty discount store saw
a rusty trashburner, a bin of
flaking tires, a giant compactor with
GOD and REFUSE COLUMBUS on the side I
stared out at the ragged woods behind the place,
heaps of rubble, splintered trees and
thought of shopping carts stuffed with
lawnmower wheels buried beneath the mud where I stood

I tried to leave, my feet were stuck I'm
lurching forward, lurching back the
meat is jerking from my shoes I
see my head float above a single shoulder my
neck a smear of smoke, staccato screeches where my
voice should be I
start to move I'm staggering in the woods

SHIRT

I was shrugging my shirt falling in a
muddy hole in my shirt I was reaching for a
doorknob in my shirt sleeping my shirt in a
car as it veered at the berm I was boiling and
folding my shirt I was spitting, chewing
wiping my feet on my shirt I was shirting my
duty streaking my shirt in the parkinglot on
Thursday I took my shirt to a bowling alley and
pinned and balled my shirt my shirt was
bulging ripped over the back of a chair I was
throwing coffdrops at my shirt putting in the
pocket of my shirt a handfull of
nails and a rubber ant I was throwing the
shirtdressed chair into the street where a
garbage truck chuffed and smoked I was
napping in my shirtless skin and a
dream shirted my head it was undershirts polishing a shovel

TIME RELEASE

A BLINDING DONUT STORE
A MAN WITH A TOOTH IN HIS FOREHEAD
MIRROR MENU
A SACK OF RUBBER GLOVES
A KLEENEX STAPLED TO THE COUNTER
A FLY SMEARED ON THE CLOCK
VOMITING DOG
A GUN FALLS FROM THE CEILING
A CHAIR BURNS ON THE SIDEWALK

SANITATION

There's a shoe in the tub there's a
fish in the tub there's a frying pan and
puke in the tub in the tub there's a
coprolite and a dresser drawer in the tub there's a
letter and a bag of pins in the tub there's a
watch there's a saw there's a face with a
ceilinglight behind it in the tub there's my
hand squeezing a sausage

ITCHING

My eye was itching as I
stared at the doorknob my
knee was itching as I climbed the
stairs as I swept the sand from my
chair my nostril was itching my
chest was itching where my pen
dragged down my pocket my tongue was
itching as I slapped the radio I was
itching my lips as I sat on the john as I
breathed to the water hissing in the
pipes my itching shoes my sock and hat my
napkin wadded twitching next my plate where I'm
itching the fork asking the itching why I'll
eat next week why my teeth are itching in the
discount store why my dick is itching as I
run past a lidless manhole why I
stand before a window itching to fly I'm
itching under my sheet I'm scratching my
thoughts like ants chaining from the
itch on my wrist where my watch used to be

MR. NIPS IN MOURNING

At the office the heat was stuck on 95
a dust was blowing through the basement rooms
it was like a fire blasting from a pit
I went to the roof to get some air
I saw the hoses whipping from the ventcubes
but even there I couldn't breathe
the dirt was caked inside my throat and in my
tightening up I thought my monk was dead
and saw some chicken potpies whirling high in space

NIPS IN DAY

She slams the phone the paper
smeared across her desk she gasps and
stares real hard at the cardboard doggies
taped upon her window
Nick he turns away from this, gives his
three-tiered rubber stamping rack a whirl
and heads off toward the computer terminals

Something quivers in the lightsheets above
his head his face fades out in the blackscreen mirror,
numbers popsnap over it his eyes a nine
that pulses crakks away You're only here to
scream and pound on babies,
drive your way to stacks of receipts left in
the trash on Thursdays, It's like that Mr. Coffman,
fixes your furnace, says the gasco rips him off, the
only thing he loves is his grandchild, bright and
gasping, heading for the payroll office and his
40 daily hours that pile like rocks
in his acid corndog sack, Thank God, he says,
I need that wrap, that fleshy core, that
guts I toss and choff on a wooden stick

He hears a groan come out his body he moves
home speeding in his chestskin, I see it, Dreameat
Beauty Salon, pinkish mirrors that wheel around some
numbers Back At One he thinks he sits in the tub
the lights were in and out he saw some
bright red monkeys with eyes were pink and black
downstairs he heard the dogs beneath the kitchen clock,
eating diapers, chewing at the floor

After Just One Tube he says I may look 35 but
actually I'm 65 and Zero Makeup Has Been Used he
ends his day he chews his dayglo pottie toidie brutsch
he sees his wife a stick of smoking time between her lips
From The Bottom Of The Bottle Ms Splits he
sings and decorates her tits with friction tape

Quikking

POCKET

She said a word in her pocket she
put a ticket in her pocket she
put a nail in her pocket she
put a tiny mirror in her pocket she
put a feather in her pocket she
put a grocery list in her pocket she
put some salt and hair in her pocket she
put a book in her pocket she
put her mouth in her pocket she
spit in her pocket





Luna Blante Proca